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The Squad.
And Wallie Jones Came Again Into His Own.

"Your arguments sound pretty good, all right, and anybody alive would have a hard time convincing you that they are wrong, but they are; and any time after day after tomorrow you are liable to come and hunt me up and tell me that you were wrong; that your ideas were entirely groundless, that you are ashamed that you talked old and experienced, when you didn’t know even the rudiments. Still there is no use for me or any one else to try to show you the error of your way, and we wouldn’t be doing you any good if we succeeded. You’ll have to find out for yourself and you will, too. All the other fools since Adam have, and it won’t be pleasant to have all the fellows quoting your old time creed to you after you have renounced it, so you’d better not talk so much.”

“Fred Lockley had your disease, only worse, because he had spent a long time elaborating the fallacy, and you’re only a kid. He was naturally about the meanest cuss on the range, though to start out with he was also pretty white. But he kept hanging onto a lot of foolishness like that that you are trying to make yourself believe until he got so he wasn’t even white. Besides this, though he had a good head, he was hampered by too much animal spirit and too great a love for combat. When I first ran onto him he was in a fight. That was about ’95, while Dad still owned the cow ranch. He owned the idea, too, which is also the pet of most other dads, that all you have to do to make a man out of a no account kid is to send him out to the ranch, give him a small dray load of very costly responsibility and let him rough it a few years. This idea was my reason for being out there, but I had come to like it well enough that I had quit cussing my luck and was confining my no little ability along that line to tenderfoot cow punchers. On the Spring round-up, I had had to ride the jump out of about fourteen horses every morning during the drive and the sheepherders had bluffed the mealy gang nearly off the range. The Chink cook was, by a long way, the best man I had, so I started on a long search, determined to fix the conditions a little for the fall drive, if I broke the company paying salaries. It was this hunt that took me down to Green River, and incidentally up against Fred. I was walking down the street when the welcome sounds of excitement floated out through
the front doors of a saloon. I rushed in. Old Fred was backed up into a corner, cool as mud, and five big huskies, anything but cool, were lined up in a short quarter circle, looking at him hungrily, and watching warily for a chance to get into him. A one-sided fight always did make me hot, and I started a little campaign in the rear of the line. Fred stopped me. "Sonny," he said, as calmly as if it had been a checker game, "I'm obliged to you, but this is my fight, and I don't need any help. If you care to remain simply as a spectator, you'll see a picture of five of the worst licked seven blank infants you ever looked at." I never knew how he did it, it was just a whirlwind bunch of stuff that I wasn't quick enough to watch. But when that bunch all came to enough to get together, they fit his description of them admirably.

"I hired him; let him name his own salary; and sent him to the ranch. And I was never sorry. He could ride anything, rope anything, shoot anything, handle any situation, do two men's work any place, and he was double distilled misery to every sheep man in the country. He was full of possibilities for anything he could ever care to do, but he talked your foolishness whenever any one was around to listen. Religion was straight sham. Every one who mixed in it was either a fool or a hypocrite. God might exist, perhaps did, but that was no reason for letting some fool preach-er bleed you and fill you full of fear and hellfire.

"Women were fit only to be servants, unworthy of the time and money fool men spent on them, valuable as other cattle were valuable.

"Love. O mud. It existed only in a purely animal attraction that was absolutely impersonal. If all men and women were equally broke, equally healthy and equally endowed physically, any one in the millions of one sex would be attracted with equal strength to any one among the millions of the other sex.

"Tears, simply a protest against the trouble it would take to re-adjust something.

"Friendship, anybody alive except the fools would sell out any friend he had if he could be sure that the sale would be better business than keeping him.

"Law, simply a set of rules drawn up by the stronger branches of society, and imposed on the weaker branches.

"Birthdays, anniversaries, Christmas and Thanksgiving day got their full share of denouncement.

"And he always howled derision at any show of sentiment. There is little enough about the usual cow boy's home to engender sentiment, I know, but he was too steep.

"And fight: that fellow would fight anyone, at any place upon any or no provocation, maintaining, in justification, that that was one of his ways of extracting pleasure from life, and that he was enti-
tled to all the pleasure he could get. He was never beaten, and if he was ever hurt, I didn't find it out. He certainly never carried a visible bruise. He used his fists whenever he could rather than a gun, and the bigger the odds against dition with it. But that only made them appear worse to the people he perpetrated them on. There was just one reason why he was not killed during the first week of his stay among us, and about three times a month afterwards. Our citizens

him, the bigger his smile of satisfaction. He went to the occasional dances and shows in the vicinity, but it was as often to put a violent end to the festivities as to enjoy them. His meannesses were not caused by booze, either, he let that alone. He never could have maintained his wonderful physical con-

had ethical objections to shooting anyone in the back, and if they tried to shoot him from in front, he either had them looking down his gun before they could get theirs from the holster or shot it out of their hands before they could use it after they got it out. But it came to be that there was plenty of jus-
tification for shooting him in the back, and there were plenty of men who wanted to do it, too. I don’t know why it didn’t happen.

“One winter just before Christmas, a party of young ladies came out from town to our little burg for a week’s stay with the budding daughter of old Bill Winters. There were some acquaintances of mine among them, so I extracted a promise from Fred to behave himself during their stay. Old Bill gave a little dance, perhaps in honor of the visit, perhaps to give the girls a little taste of life in the open. Everybody was supposed to go, but I rather hoped that Fred wouldn’t. The blood between him and Winters was just a little worse, if possible, than was average between Fred and his “friends,” as he called them. But go he did; and I felt worried for the first hour, for, although he usually kept his word, he was liable to put almost any interpretation upon his word. Much to my surprise, though, he behaved nicely, and was quite the lion of the evening. He lived up to his theories through, with the studied precision, giving the boys the impression that the attentions he carefully divided among the ladies were mere condescensions on his part to keep his promise to me. But from somewhere, he dug up a seeming familiarity with the customs and language of civilization. And the wheezy old accordian’s “Home, Sweet Home” waltz found him dancing with one Mollie Winters.

“As we were crawling into bed in the dingy bunk house that morning, I remarked upon this event, and also upon her accomplishments, beauty, etc. “Some more damn sentiment, son,” he said. “She may be easy to look at, but she’d be a bum dishwasher.” And he pulled the blankets up and went disgustedly to sleep.

“Christmas day broke clear and coldly beautiful. There had been no storm for a week, and the roads crossing the country were like long, shimmery, twin ribbons of polished steel laid through the deep snow. And cold; you low altitude people don’t know what cold is. If a man says forty degrees below zero to you, you put on a wise smile of toleration, and don’t believe it. It’s true that men grow used to it, and can resist it without suffering, but we used to get months of days up there that would mean quick death to some of you tenderfeet. The cold weather man was working harder than ever that day.

“Our postoffice was one of those little typical Mormon towns, one store, a dance hall, a church, a school house, a dozen clustered houses, unadorned, up there, with trees, and the surrounding landscape dotted with the more widely scattered abodes of the settlers, who each year at Christmas flocked to the town to take part in or to witness the sports. The two big events were the rifle and revolver
tournament, with feats to make a city shooting-gallery-educated man bulge his eyes, and the races. Single, ridden horse races, where there is so much ice and snow are too dangerous, so they long ago invented a sort of chariot race, teams hitched to bobsleds on which are placed heavy boxes from the farm wagons. Among all the racing I have seen, this was the most exciting. Three such teams flying into the finish neck and neck, pairs of great horses that worked together like one machine, wildly dilated nostrils, the breath in the chill air looking like steam from locomotives, their muscles set in mighty effort, their eyes a fire, manes and tails flying; then the two men in the sled, only their eloquent eyes visible over the front of the box, the mighty swirl of white behind, and the wild cheering crowd. It is a sight holding thrill enough for a Roman.

"Fred and I rode in rather late, glad to rest our tired eyes from the fierce glare of the sun and snow upon the dark blot of assembled people. One race had been run, and the fur clad crowd walled the glistening track at the finish. Fred took the many "Merry Christmases" they called to us with aversion. I was glad to get them. Old Winters and Mollie, in a racing sled, behind a team of mighty sorrels, nodded to us happily. Mrs. Winters went over the Divide in the early days, and the girl always spent Christmas with her dad. They were in the outer edge of the crowd and the old man left Mollie holding the team, while he stepped down to talk with me. Fred moved up along the edge of the crowd. A girl stepped from a house some distance down the street. "There comes Mary," shouted Mollie. "I'll go and pick her up." Old Bill tossed her his big fur gloves, said "Careful," and she drove away. A little north breeze blowing into her face tossed the pretty brown hair bewitchingly. The team straining at her control made me apprehensive, and I watched them closely. Suddenly, one of them plunged and they were away. A man could hardly have held them. Winters saw it too. "My God," he shouted, "She'll freeze in a single minute." I wheeled my horse in pursuit, foolishly tried a quick start, and the horse's shoes, worn smooth, failed to hold. He fell, giving me a terrific jolt. When I got up, other horsemen, Fred among them, were flying in pursuit, but it was an uneven race. The sorrels, horses chosen for their speed, their shoes filed sharp for the coming race, had all the advantage. I saw the fur gloves which the girl had left in the bottom of the sled, blow over the side, saw a wrap of some kind follow them, and a thin haze of flying snow hid the rear end of the outfit. The girl stood up, struggling bravely with the team, but exposing her body needlessly to the cold. In the terrific breeze her flying pace was generating she
would, in five minutes, perhaps in three, be hopelessly benumbed. Then if the team eluded the pursuers as they gave promise of doing, she would in a short time longer, be dead. Horsemen began to drop out hopelessly. Only Fred's big blue seemed to be holding his own, and I knew that if any man alive could make him over-haul the sorrels, it was Fred, but I was afraid to hope. The speed seemed equal, the team was running light, they were as hard as nails, and the horse carried a man and a heavy saddle. There was one chance in a thousand. The team reached a narrow lane across the big swamp, where the road followed a high turnpike. The girl disappeared into the sled. To my wonder, the blue horse began to close up, slowly closer, at last alongside the sled. To ride ahead of, or even beside the sorrels, meant to upset the sled into the deep trench beside the pike. Then I saw what I had never seen before, and have never seen since. The man made a flying leap from the horse on to the sled. He hung perilously on the side for an instant, and was over in. The crowd yelled, a great hearty, wholesome, truly western yell. He stopped the team; turned them, where a rode crossed the pike and came pounding back to us. When they reached the store platform, the girl was in close to him, his great fur coat encircling them both, and a blanket binding them together. She was sharing the warmth of his big body. Once more the crowd yelled and Mrs. Storekeeper dragged the benumbed, though smiling girl in to a fire. Then the crowd calmly went back to its sport.

"That afternoon while the crowd stood about the store discussing the events of the day, and settling their sundry bets, a big, noisy, booze infected cow boy from a rival town swooped down upon us, firing a pair of revolvers into the air as he came. I looked for Fred. He was just coming out of the store. I looked at the cow boy, expecting to see the revolvers drop from jarred and lead-sprinkled hands. They did not. I looked again at Fred. "Old Pearlhandled Lightning" no longer clung gracefully to his leg. Our cow boy friend dismounted and noisily and insultingly challenged any one in the crowd to fight him. The crowd looked at Fred. He smiled contentedly, slipped a blue ribboned box of bon bons into his great coat pocket and stood hunting for a place in an inside coat to put a hand full of Christmas cards. Wallie Jones, "next best man" in the flat, looked at the happy picture a minute, incredulously, then muttered brokenly, "Well, I'll be damned," and went and licked the cow boy."
Landmarks in the History of Medicine.

No apology is offered for the appearance of this article. It is the outgrowth of a feeling of loyalty and love for the old school I am so proud to call Alma Mater. It is written with the hope that it may, in some way benefit Student Life, and thus indirectly benefit "The old stand on the hill."

In studying medicine, and especially considering its history, there are some things which appeal to us as being exceptionally noteworthy. Some of these ought to be of interest to the student at college; so I shall attempt to give a brief account of some of the salient events in medical progress, and make brief mention of the men connected with the same.

Medicine may be said to have dated with the beginning of civilization. From the earliest times, people have attempted in various ways to alleviate suffering of their fellows or themselves. Herbs of a healing nature have been sought, crude mechanical manipulations attempted, and many things resorted to in order to aid the sick. The very earliest history of medicine is enveloped in profound obscurity, and so mingled with myth and fable as to be very uncertain. It covers an indefinite period, marked by ignorance and superstition, and comes to us largely disfigured by tradition. The only things of importance in this very early time were the hygienic laws of Moses, and the practice of embalming by the Egyptians.

Space does not permit a discussion of the early events of medical progress, so I shall pass to the modern events, which are more familiar and of more interest to us. In passing, however, we might make mention of three early Greeks who did much to further the science of medicine. These were Aesculapius, the most noted of early Greeks, who was worshiped in Greece as the god of medicine. Following him, came Hippocrates (460 B.C.), who was the central figure of his time in medicine. His therapeutics was the most noted of his medical knowledge, and entitled him to be styled "Great Physician." "Hippocrates formed a transition between a period of mythology and history. His doctrine was received by contemporaries and by posterity with a veneration akin to worship. No other man ever obtained a homage so elevated, consistent and universal." The third of these Greeks was Claudius Galen (130-200 A.D.). He became famous for his knowledge of anatomy. During his time, medical science became much more exact, due to the fact that he and his contemporaries carefully dissected the human body.
Before this time, this was prohibited by the churches. When a young man, Galen moved to Rome, hence is sometimes spoken of as a Roman.

Progress in medicine gradually went on from this time, but for want of space, I shall pass abruptly to the more modern events and begin with the discovery of the true circulation of the blood, made by William Harvey, an English physician, in 1619. This discovery marks an epoch in the history of medicine, and its importance, and its influence on subsequent study cannot be overestimated. For centuries it had been thought that the liver was the chief organ of circulation, that the heart was of only secondary importance; that the blood coursed through the heart, due to suction by the arteries and veins; that the venous and arterial circulation were separate, that the arterial blood was the "spirit of life;" and so on. This discovery, by Harvey, of the true movements of the heart and the true circulation of the blood, really gave birth to modern medicine.

Following close upon Harvey's discovery, came that of Peruvian bark or cinchona, as it was afterwards called, as a specific for malaria. This fever was described as early as the time of Hippocrates, but no specific remedy was found for it until about 1638. At that time, the Countess of Cinchon, wife of the viceroy of Peru, became afflicted with the dreaded fever which, apparently, nothing could remove. The natives told a Spaniard the secret of the bark. Some of the bark preparation was given the countess, and recovery followed. In 1639, she and her physician, de Vega, introduced it into Europe. About ten years later it became an article of general commerce. Some deaths followed its use (overdoses, etc.), and it was some time before it was widely used. The bark contains two well known substances, cinchonin and quinine, with the latter of which we are very familiar. There has, perhaps, never been introduced into medicine any one drug which has proved itself so generally useful as cinchona and its products. Malaria has claimed an untold number of victims, and many people succumb to it at the present time, but it is no longer the dreaded disease of earlier times, because of the specific action of quinine. In all medicine, I believe, there are less than half a dozen "specifics," the most prominent of which are mercurial salts for syphilis, Behring's antitoxin for diphtheria, and quinine, as above mentioned, for malaria.

The next important event was the systematic practice of "preventative inoculation against smallpox. This we now term "vaccination." It had been attempted in a crude way for centuries, even in times before Christ. The first inoculation with cow-pox, however, seems to have been made by a farmer at Gloucester, England, in 1774, but its general introduction was brought about by Dr. Edward Jen-
n er (1749-1843), of the same shire, in England, who is known as the “Father of Vaccination.” He spent years of investigation and experimentation in order to benefit mankind. He performed his first vaccination in 1796. In 1798 he published his memorable work on his investigations and observations. He died full of fame and honor. During his later years, great rewards were given him by the government. The first vaccination in America was performed by the professor of medicine at Harvard University, in 1800.

That vaccination has done much to lessen the mortality of smallpox is beyond question; that there is less danger of serious results from its employment if aseptically done, than is generally believed by the laity, is equally true.

We come next to a discovery the benefits of which are beyond the power of language to describe, the successful use of chloroform and ether as general anaesthetics. If ever there was a God-send to suffering humanity, this discovery was one. It had long been the dream of the surgeon, but its realization came suddenly—sooner than expected. In 1839, Velpau wrote, “To escape pain in surgical operations is a chimera which we are not permitted to look for in our time,” and in 1846, a year which deserves to be memorable in the history of medicine, ether was successfully used to produce general anaesthesia. The use of chloroform came a year later (Nov. 15, 1847), the test being made with success by Dr. (Sir) James Simpson of England. Upon his bust in Westminster Abbey is this inscription, “To whose genius and benevolence the world owes the blessings derived from the use of chloroform for the relief of suffering.” For the honor of introducing ether, there are four claimants, two doctors and two dentists. The honor is usually ascribed, and probably due, Dr. Wm. G. T. Morton, a dentist of Boston. The monument erected to his memory at Mount Auburn cemetery, Boston, bears this inscription, “Inventor and revealer of anaesthetic inhalation, before whom, in all time, surgery was agony, and by whom pain in surgery was averted and annulled; since whom science has controlled pain.” Chloroform and ether are too familiar to the readers of this paper to need discussion at my hands. Their use is universal, and their administration comparatively safe if properly done. Ether is, all things considered, somewhat the safer. To show the safety of anaesthetics, I might mention that the eleven thousandth anaesthesia is reported as having been recently done at the Mayo Brothers’ hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, without a death.

Following this last mentioned discovery comes one that surpasses it in importance and equals it in wideness of application. Such a one was the discovery, in 1876, of carbolic acid as an antiseptic in surgery, by the famous Edinburgh surgeon, Lord Joseph Lister. This
and the preceding one, we may rightly consider as the grandest medical discoveries of all time; and in the annals of medical history the name of Lister will go down as immortal. It is difficult to picture to those unfamiliar with the septic processes of disease, the significance of this discovery. Like the use of anaesthetics, it completely revolutionized surgery, and cut down the death rate enormously. Now such a thing as sepsis (putrefaction—pus formation) following a surgical operation is scarcely known. Before Lister’s successful use of carbolic acid as an antiseptic, death followed nearly every surgical operation. The most brilliant surgeons of an earlier day were of little avail. Strive as they might, “blood poison” would set in and death ensue. Now the germ theory of disease is firmly established, the efficacy of carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury, and other antiseptics positively proved the success of general antiseptic (clean) methods shown—all of which bring untold satisfaction to the surgeon and relief and happiness to suffering mankind. It was not Lister alone who tried to prevent sepsis. Other men spent their lives in trying to solve the problem, as many others are doing in order to solve other problems, that they might relieve suffering and prolong life. He was the first to succeed. And yet the world at large knows little of even Lister, to say nothing of the others who have toiled as earnestly as he. To men like Napoleon, William the Conqueror, Caesar, or Alexander, the world is ever ready to do honor; erect imposing monuments to their memory, and write flattering histories of them, while these noble soldiers of science, to whom it is vastly more indebted, for all that pertains to life and comfort, it chooses well nigh to forget.

One of the most anxiously sought discoveries of late years was realized in 1882, when Robert Koch, a German, isolated and demonstrated the tubercle bacillus—the germ which causes consumption—and wrote so accurate a description of the organism and the lesions it produces, as to be almost unparalleled in medical literature. I need not tell you that tuberculosis is the most dreaded of all diseases among human beings, claiming thousands of victims yearly. It is spoken of as “The White Plague,” and the extent of its ravages in Europe and America staggers the imagination. Much was hoped for as a result of Koch’s finding the specific germ of tuberculosis, and much has been realized—especially in its being a definite diagnostic feature. Much is yet to be hoped for, though, in the way of a specific cure for this terrible malady. That that day will speedily come is the dream and hope of every sincere student and practitioner of medicine.

The last notable event in the history of medicine which I wish to discuss is that of the comparatively recent discovery of a specific antitoxin for diphtheria. This was ac-
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complished by Behring, another German, in 1890. The death rate of diphtheria was thus enormously reduced from 40 to 50 per cent to about 5 to 15 per cent. Thus we see that out of 100 persons contracting diphtheria—about thirty owe their lives to this remedy; and when we think for a moment of the extent of this disease, we can see how beneficial was Behring’s discovery.

Perhaps a word as to how “diphtheria anti-toxin” is obtained, and how it works, will not be amiss. Healthy horses are kept in absolutely sterile surroundings. They are then inoculated with increasing doses of the diphtheria germs until they can, by some action of or within their blood, stand enormous doses of the germs. They are then said to be immune. When immune, their blood is drawn, under the most sterile conditions, the corpuscles separated out, and the remaining serum put in hermetically sealed tubes. In this form it reaches the practitioner of medicine. The person having diphtheria is injected with a certain amount of this serum (antitoxin). This in some way counteracts in the blood the toxin (poison) eliminated by the diphtheria germ—and thus saves the life of the individual. Just how this counteractive process takes place is not agreed upon by the leading bacteriologists.

So much for some of the greatest events connected with the progress of medicine. There are many others of importance, which space does not permit me to discuss fully, e. g., the introduction of the X-ray machine, the ophthalmoscope, the compound microscope, stethoscope, etc., etc. And how many problems remain unsolved! Hundreds and thousands of true, noble, scientists, are devoting their time and means in order to alleviate suffering and prolong life. Let us hope that their efforts may be crowned with success; that their efforts may be better appreciated. Let us hope that some means will be discovered whereby the ravages of such dreadful diseases as cancer, tuberculosis, typhus fever, whooping cough, cerebro-spinal meningitis, and leprosy will be checked, and thus millions of lives saved, and millions of homes made happy. When we look at the problems which confront us as students of medicine, we might almost say with Cecil Rhodes, “So little done; so much to do.”

A Series of Eight Stories in which is Evolved the Intangible Something Called College Spirit.

III.—The Recompense.

You all remember those stormy days of last August when the very sky seemed to fall, and Mother Earth was thoroughly drenched. Well, I was down in the sage brush state of Nevada, working on the railroad just to pass the time away. When steel and ties ran short, a party composed of four Americans and one hundred and fifty Italians and Greeks were sent back over the track already constructed to pick up the low places. I happened to be one of the four of authority. We four took meals at a neighboring farm house, and they were excellent; yet, if my memory serves me correctly, "supper" (called dinner in society) was always the best.

During those days, when Jupiter Pluvius was master-at-arms, the three foremen (I ran the commissary and staid in doors) would come into our temporary camp, in the evening, wet through, covered with alkali mud such as only Nevada can produce, and complain about an unseemly tiredness. However, when those hot suppers were over, and the little party of four met in the office car, filled the pipes, and had put their feet on the fender of the red hot stove in order to dry their boots—well, the storm raged outside, and the long evenings were usually passed in a regretfully short time. Of course, we talked—talked on all imaginary subjects, and passed upon them as we deemed best. One evening we were talking about going to college, when Killhip, a track inspector,
said, "Every now and then you hear something about college and college spirit, but I didn't appreciate the spirit part of the deal until about two years ago, when I was down on the A. T. and S. F. R. R., in Texas. You see, I spent the best days of my life in a "Tech" school, and I know a little about college and college spirit. Do you want to hear the story before turning in?" The three of us who composed the audience readily gave our consent, and after our entertainer filled his pipe, lit it and had taken an easy position on one of the bunks, he began:

"It has been nigh onto twenty years since I was in college. Of course, college then wasn't what it is now, but they had the "spirit" just the same, at least, what I call "spirit." In my class were two fellows who were "chums"—"chums" in every sense of the word. They roomed together, studied together, and were always together. In appearance there was a great difference, for one was tall and the other short. The tall one was called Bob, the short one, Bill. Bob had money, Bill didn't, but as I remember, whatever Bob had, Bill had. Bill was a proud little fellow, and Bob, if he helped him, had to do it secretly; but—well that was easy. The friendship between these two men was a big-hearted, sympathetic kind of friendship, the kind that lasts. Finally we were all graduated and went out to conquer the world just as thousands of others of our kind have done. I saw Bill say good-bye to Bob at the railway station. Bill took Bob's hand in his, and there were tears in the eyes of both. As the train pulled out, I remember Bill saying, 'Bobby boy, you've been good to me, and I intend to be good to you or yours some day. Good bye.'

"Of course we all went our ways, and most of us nearly forgot the rest of us, but I don't think Bill forgot Bob, although Bob, poor fellow, finally died, and left his mother alone in the world.

"The next time I saw Bill was down in Texas. He was chief engineer for the A. T. and S. F., who were building down through the "Pan Handle." I was on the construction work, running the steel gang. As we neared a small town in the northern part of the state some litigation arose as to the entrance of the railroad to the town. It seemed as if a widow owned a house and lot which stood squarely in the way of the new road. The company offered to pay her handsomely for the right of way, but she refused. Her reasons were purely sentimental, it was said. When the railway people talked about exercising the right of eminent domain, and taking her property, the poor woman cried.

"Finally Bill, as chief engineer, went down to see her in order to persuade her to sell out. The rest of the story was told me," added the story teller, "by an engineer who was with Bill at the time.

"It seems that when Bill went down to the house, the kindly old
woman greeted him with graciousness, and invited him and his associate to tea. Bill remained, and in the course of the conversation over the tea cups, her sundry remarks awakened old memories in Bill, and on further inquiry he found out who she was. She was Bob's mother. It did not take Bill long to understand why she did not want to give up the place. Here Bob was born, here his parents lived, when cattle had made them wealthy, and Bob was in college. Now that Bob and the father were gone, the mother lived on the small remainder of what was left after a financial reverse, and held as her treasure the little homestead.

“Well, the railway company really never did know why Bill suddenly found a better way to get into the town than across the widow's lot. Bill had plenty of reasons to tell his company for changing the route, but the real reason he always kept to himself.”

The story teller filled his pipe again, and, as he settled back in his bunk, he added, “That's what I call college spirit—the kind that lasts.”

MacGregor.

The Peculiarities of Ching.

One of the disadvantages of life in the West, and especially on the large ranches in Nevada, is the scarcity of “hired help.” Cooks are especially hard to procure, and it is next to impossible to get a white cook. My mother was very fortunate, therefore, in having a Chinaman cook, who was a perfect angel of cookery, with even a halo around his head (otherwise a queue).

Because of his efficiency, my mother honored Ching in all his little sulks and peculiarities until he was the most thoroughly spoiled Chinaman in existence. He ruled us all with an iron hand. If things did not go just to suit him, or if his authority was questioned in the least, Ching had a habit of becoming “very slick,” and no matter what the occasion, or how much his services might be needed just then, he could not be prevailed upon to become well (?) until he had been given his own way in the matter which had caused his sudden illness.

Of course, this state of affairs was very provoking, but we did not dare to rebel, for Ching was too good a cook to run the risk of losing him, by interfering with him. Then, too, he had been with us so long and understood the management of the household affairs so well that we felt we would rather put up with a few little inconveniences from him than to have to cope
with the greater inconvenience of having an inexperienced or dishonest cook in his stead.

Ching had come to look upon the household as almost belonging to him, especially that part of the house, the kitchen, which was to him a kingdom, where he reigned supreme. His pride in his kitchen was the ruling passion of his life, and if anything happened to mar its spotlessness, or upset its perfect order, it was to him nothing short of a tragedy.

Besides imagining that the household belonged to him, Ching seemed to feel that the welfare of each member of the family depended entirely upon him, and his discretion, and he very often took the liberty to disapprove of some particular acquaintance of ours. And if anyone chanced to come to the house whom he did not approve of he would very quickly find some means to make his displeasure evident to everyone, and to no one so plainly as to the visitor himself. He frequently caused us great embarrassment by refusing admittance to some particular friend of ours, upon whom he happened to look with disfavor. If we reproved him for this and entertained such persons in spite of him, he was sure to show his disfavor in some humiliating manner.

At such times, his face, whose natural expression was good-humored, bore a strong resemblance to a thundercloud before a rain, or a volcano before an eruption.

One time, I remember, my brother had some company to dinner, persons as it happened whom Ching had condemned as "no good," and to show his disapproval, he burned the roast to a cinder, and flavored the dessert with some disagreeable bitters. Of course, this was most humiliating, and mamma scolded him quite severly for it, whereupon he resorted to his usual habit and was "velly slick."

So provoked was I by Ching's behavior that I began coaxing mamma to let me try a scheme which I felt sure would cure him of his naughty habit.

Winning a rather reluctant consent from her, I took three of my girl friends into my confidence, and together we set to work to carry out my plan.

We donned big aprons and went to the kitchen, where two of the girls elected to do the cooking, while the other two began re-arranging everything in the kitchen, closet and pantry. In a very short time we had things in such dire confusion and disorder that Ching's once orderly kitchen fairly rivalled Chaos.

When confusion reigned supreme, we hunted up some old pieces of broken crockery and dropped a tray full of them onto the floor, so as to make a loud crush. The noise, I knew, would bring Ching to the kitchen to see what was happening. My surmises were correct, for in very short order he appeared in the door, his round, moon-like face contorted with anxiety. He stood, speech-
His face was a study of wrath, less, in the door, looking from one to another, and then to me for an explanation.

We took no notice of him whatever. I stooped and carelessly began gathering up the pieces of crockery, while the other girls were flying around, busy as bees, preparing dinner, cleverly managing to run against one another and spill flour, milk, grease, and whatever they happened to have in their hands, on Ching's spotless floor.

and dismay. It was really comical in its tragic expression. Any one seeing his face then, who was not acquainted with the particulars, would have imagined he had just lost his best friend. We rather looked for an outburst of wrath, but he was beyond speech, for the first few moments, then running up to me he began pleading with me to take the girls away out of his kitchen.

But I cut him short with, "O, no, Ching, you too 'slick' to work, so girls come to help me cook 'till you get well." Then he began to plead more eloquently, "Me no slick, me velly well. Ching cookie dinner velly good, muchee good. Little girls no cookie, sooilee hands. Me cook velly good dinner quick. Ching no sick no more, see."

Poor Ching rattled on volubly, fear loosening his tongue and making him wonderfully humble, and after holding out until I thought he had been sufficiently punished, I gave in, first giving him a good scolding for his previous behavior, which he, to my surprise, took very meekly. Then we girls left him in peace to restore order out of the havoc we had wrought in his beloved sanctum.

We hurried out of his hearing, where we could relieve our feelings by a good hearty laugh. We could hear occasional groans from the kitchen as poor Ching discovered some new or greater disorder, and I began to feel almost sorry for him.

But the lesson did him good, for it frightened all the "slickness" out of him, and he never again resorted to illness to gain his ends.

It was amusing afterwards to watch Ching's face and actions, whenever the two girls who had helped cook that day came to the house. He would not leave the kitchen for a moment, and if we happened to go into the kitchen, he would watch the girls as closely as a cat would a mouse, but his politeness to them was very marked.

N. F. J.
Sorosis House Party.

Friday, Nov. 9, marked the beginning of four joyous days for the Sorosis Society. This living together had been talked of long before, and the only difficulty encountered in planning it—that of securing a house—vanished when Mrs. Effie Jardine persuaded her husband to leave his happy home, and invited the society to make use of it. Mrs. Jardine also consented to act as chaperone. Then there was joy in the hearts of the Sorosis.

Menus for the breakfast, dinners and lunches were planned before hand and the division of work was systematically arranged, so that household affairs went on very nicely. And oh, the sumptuous fare.

Friday evening some of the party made a very informal call on Prof. and Mrs. Bexell; and, by the way, the Bexells are the best possible kind of neighbors.

Saturday evening some boys were entertained at a candy-pull. Laura and Pres and the penuchi disappeared simultaneously, and Mabe and John T. failed in their purpose of locating the miscreants, but suggested that the night-watchman loves penuchi.

Monday afternoon the society entertained about 300 guests at an afternoon at home. Tea was served in the library, and in the dining room, where the windows were darkened and the rooms lighted with
candles, and electric lights. The wall decorations of pennants and banners added to the pretty appearance of the rooms. In the evening the girls were delighted by an invitation from John T. Caine III, Will Jardine, and Preston Peterson to spend an hour or two with them at Mr. Caine's home. Sorosis accepted and a jolly time followed, in which refreshments figured.

At home afterward some one reminded the others that it was the last night together. Who could sleep! In the early morning, after hours of listening to the hilarity, throughout the house, Nora and Fee did succeed in losing consciousness to dream that the others were camped in one room, down stairs, making fudge.

Alas! it is done.

The Soros society has lately received three presents. One, a picture by Howard Chandler Christy, comes as a favor from Mrs. W. M. Jardine.

A burnt wood panel was given by Ernest Works.

From A. A. Nebeker was received a small picture poster.

“Our Only University Game.”

Again the battle is over, the football paraphernalia is stored away, and victory gladdens the heart of the other fellow.

Each successive season the hopes of our students are heightened until victory over the Varsity seems easy and we rally to the support of the team, with a spirit that really deserves victory. This came out equally as forcibly, when on November 29th, the crowd of Logan rooters—students and townspeople—went to the University campus to witness the annual game.

When the two teams ran out on to the field, the cheering commenced, and they were cheered with great earnestness throughout the game.

The first few downs showed that the U. A. C. line was like a stone wall to the Varsity team; but they also showed that the Varsity had an exceptionally quick and strong back-field, and were prepared to hand out a variety of new, snappy plays. The U. A. C. line met comparatively weak defense on line bucks, but under the new rules, the required ground could not be made in this way. The Varsity’s strong back-field, numerous fake plays, and forward pass work netted good gains, and ran up the score. Several times, Frew broke loose with
the ball, but having no interference, made very little ground. Russell made the star play of the game, a brilliant seventy-yard run.

In spite of the fact that it was a muddy, disagreeable field, Bennion, Russell and Pitt played well for the U., while Nelson, Hansen, Jameson and Frew played a very good game for U. A. C.

When the time of the last half was called, and the mist had cleared away, both teams realized that they had taken part in a good clean game, in which each received a "square deal" by both players and officials. Score, U., 35; U. A. C., 0.

**LINE UP.**

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Thirty-minute halves. Officials: Umpire, Teetzel; Referee, Tobin; Head Linesman, Blackesley.
The students of the college and the townspeople of Logan have learned to expect much from our Department of Music. Those who had the opportunity of enjoying the productions of last year and two years ago, naturally looked forward to something worth while when "Pinafore" was presented on Dec. 10. Not only did the participants in the production equal these expectations, but several far excelled them. The affair was, with one exception, a purely college performance, and all of the participants, principals, chorus, and orchestra, acquitted themselves well.

The opera is an old English favorite, abounding in joyous song and gay nautical music. The setting is entirely aboard His Majesty's Steamer, "Pinafore." The whole thing smacks of the life of the jolly Jack Tar; and the students after the first few minutes of natural nervousness, kept things going at such a pace and lent to their dancing, singing and playing such a touch of things maritime, that the audience thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the evening.

W. Y. Farnsworth as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., was admirably fitted to the part. His appearance, voice, and acting were thoroughly appropriate. He outdid himself, and actually did as well as most people do after having had some experience on the stage. This was Farnsworth's first appearance as a principal, and he certainly did well.

Mr. Frank Baugh, who is the
only non-student in the company, played the part of Ralph Rackstraw, the common sailor who was in love with the captain’s daughter. Mr. Baugh played the same role five or six years ago, when he was with the Logan Opera company. His efforts were much enjoyed and appreciated.

J. T. Jardine carried well a difficult part under trying circumstances. He played Capt. Corcoran of the “Pinafore.” Jardine had been suffering from the prevalent malady, grippe, for about a week, and had kept himself alive by eating doctor’s prescriptions. However, he played well and gave universal satisfaction.

Miss Nora Eliason, as Josephine, upheld, in every respect, the high standard she has established. She had several very pleasing songs, and altogether was thoroughly enjoyed.

The part of Dick Deadeye was admirably carried by Melroy Kjar. Kjar’s voice could not be excelled for such a part. His acting was good.

R. O. Porter, as boastwain, A. C. Bowman, as carpenter’s mate, Miss Lavina Parke, as Hebe, and Miss Coila Montrose as Little Buttercup, were all very good.

The two sailors, Bill Bobstay and Bob Becket, represented by W. I. Conger and Ricy Jones, Jr., deserve special mention. These two are the first students whose efforts have caused such prolonged applause as to force Prof. Thatcher, to vary his rule of never responding to encores. But their “Hornpipe” was so thoroughly enjoyed by everybody that the audience simply insisted on its being repeated. Conger and Jones have good cause to be proud of the pleasure and satisfaction their efforts afforded.

The work of the orchestra people is probably the best we ever had. Everybody is praising their music. The chorus music, too, was right up to the standard.

The chorus was composed of the following:

Sopranos: Pearl Stratford, Nellie Barker, Mary Sneddon, Blanche Lewis, Ellen Davidson, Geneva Spranse, Ruby Hoff, Henrietta Johnson, Geneva Wright, Kate Peterson, Ruby Matthews.


Orchestra.

Violins: Mrs. L. E. Linnartz, Miss Eva Nebeker, Miss Lela Shaw, Miss Emma Linnartz, Mr. Vic Fisher, Wm. Sorensen, and Miss Dora St. George.

Piano: S. E. Clark.

Bass: P. E. Hansen.
Clarinets: Wm. McLeod, Guy Smith.
Cornets: J. Y. Sneddon, June Whitmore.
Horns: B. Pond, W. L. Walker.
Trombone: J. E. Works.

The opera was a success as a college production, and everybody connected with it has received a good share of its benefits. It was repeated on Dec. 11, and was presented at Lewiston on the fourteenth.

The Principals
Evans
R. E.

Andrews
L. H. B.

Holden
L. E.

Brossard
F. B.
The students and others interested in athletics at this institution desire to thank Smart, Hansen and Thatcher for their valuable assistance in training the football team before the Thanksgiving game.

Our football men are loud in their praise of the clean playing exhibited by the U. players. There was considerable ill feeling in some quarters before the game; but we are glad to state that this has now entirely disappeared.

We believe that every student in the institution is grateful to the fellows who comprised our football team this year. They should be. Our team played ball, especially in the game with the University, that we are proud of. They played under the handicap of too little training, lack of knowledge of the game, and lack of experience. And they played well. That the score in the University game does not indicate the quality of our team is universally conceded. The players should feel assured that their efforts are fully appreciated by the faculty and students.

The management was unfortunate in being unable to secure photographs of Frew, McGowan, and Jamison, right half, left guard, and right tackle, respectively. Our inability is the more to be regretted since it is universally recognized that these are three of the strongest men on the team.
A short time ago, we were informed that death had taken away another of our former students. This time it was Mr. Harold Lowry of Manti. Mr. Lowry was a student at the college for the past three years. While here, he was a conscientious student, and an honest, genial, unassuming young man. He was not a student to gain any special prominence in the public life of the college. His quiet modesty and retiring nature prevented it. But these characteristics, together with his many other manly qualities, endeared him to all who were fortunate enough to enjoy his acquaintance.

He died just two weeks after the opening of this school year, at the age of twenty-two.

Student Life wishes to extend to the members of his family the sincerest sympathy of the student body and faculty of the college.

Debating.

The work in debating is progressing, but not as rapidly as it should. Few students in this institution have any idea of the practical value of this work. For good, substantial intellectual benefits, there is nothing offered in any college that excels debate. It is true that only four students may, under the present conditions, engage in an intercollegiate debate each year, but an unlimited number have the opportunity of competing for positions on the regular team. If this competition is as close, and as conscientiously worked at, as are the intercollegiate contests, the benefits are almost as great.

It doesn't matter whether you wish to become a lawyer or a politician. This is not the question at all. The important thing is, do you expect ever to do any strong, independent, logical thinking? Do you expect ever to have opinions and beliefs worth defending? Do you look forward to a time when you will render assistance to a public or private cause. If you expect to be an economic nonentity, a sleepy,
sluggish parasite, to have other people do your thinking for you, and to accept, as good enough, all conditions, public and private, that you may in future meet, then there is nothing for you, in debate, or anything else. But if you intend, as you certainly should, to carry your share of responsibility as an American citizen, and as a private participator in the benefits of civilization, it is essential that you do a great many things which require breadth of thought, logic, and ability to discuss questions of importance.

Debate is the best place to get these requirements. It necessitates a great deal of work, to be sure; but just here is where its benefits lie. Your remuneration will be proportionate to your investment.
Departments

Military.

Captain Conger Opened His Mouth and Commanded the Company to fall in.

Roster '06-'07:

Commandant, Captain H. R. Perry, Twenty-ninth U. S. Infantry.
Adjutant, Wm. Mortimer.
Quartermaster, ———.
Sergeant Major, Robert Kerr.
Quartermaster Sergeant, ———.
Color Sergeant, ———.
Chief Bugler, J. D. Carr.

COMPANY A.

Captain, W. J. Conger.
Lieutenants, W. L. Jones, E. F. Burton.
First Sergeant, S. Kerr.
Sergeants, J. S. Paddock, G. Stonebraker.
Corporal L. Woodward.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Chas. E. Fleming.
First Sergeant, J. W. Johnson.
Sergeant, J. A. Marley.
Corporals, Zundel, Low, W. S. Jones.

COMPANY C.

Captain, L. M. Winsor.
Lieutenants, A. Beck, P. C. Passey.
First Sergeant, H. Plant.
Sergeant, L. C. Monson.
Corporals, I. L. Jones, H. Greaves.

Another examination was held Dec. 10, to fill one Lieutenancy, eleven Sergeant vacancies, and thirteen corporalships.

Bad weather has confined the companies to the drill hall, but guard mounting, picket duty, indoor target practice, and the manual of arms are keeping the boys busy.
STUDENT LIFE.

The new target range is a good one, and a few good practices were had before inclement weather confined target practice to the drill hall.

Those too awkward to join the awkward squad, who mysteriously drop out, usually are suffering from rheumatism.

Monthly inspection will begin as soon as the uniforms arrive.

A number of copies of Infantry Drill Regulations can be seen in the book straps of many high privates.

Instruction will soon begin in First Aid to the Injured.

Last month, Captain Perry gave a short lecture on discipline.

Several new swords have been ordered.

Get onto Fleming's new shoulder straps.

Practice in "Monkey Drill" began Dec. 6.

Engineering.

Lafayette Hendricks, an old engineering student, was shaking hands with friends around school Nov. 27. Since leaving college, Mr. Hendricks has been employed by the Geological Survey in Oregon. He reports that Darley is working for the government there.

The new smoke stack for the foundry has been put in place, and the room equipped with flasks and cabinets ready for the second term's work.

The second year students in carpentry have completed the preliminary exercises and are doing practical work in cabinet making.

Several of the old students of the department who are located in Salt Lake City, and vicinity were seen at the U. A. C.- U. of U. game Thanksgiving day.

Thursday, Dec. 6, Prof. Langton gave a very interesting lecture on astronomy before the Engineering Society. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing him again during the year.

Pyle, '03, was a visitor at college Dec. 6. He is working for the Reclamation Service.

Commercial.

It has been rumored that Mr. J. E. Olsen, who graduated from the Commercial Department last year, has taken unto himself a wife. Mr. Olsen now holds a very desirable position with the Rio Grande Western Railroad at Park City. The
STUDENT LIFE.

Commercial Department wishes the Olsens success.

The Commercial Club held a county convention at its meetings held on Nov. 24th and Dec. 8th. A surprising quantity of political material was shown at these conventions. Howell and Smoot are in no immediate danger, however, because it takes two years for the leading politicians to graduate. H. E. Jensen and Alva Hansen have long since been slated for Congress. A mock Congress and mock court are already being talked of.

Private Secretary Stephens, Com. '03, has been mentioned for the position of Professor of Commerce in the Agricultural College of New Mexico.

Charles Sorenson, Com. '09, has settled on a quarter section of land in Idaho, which prevented him from returning to school the first term. He writes that he will be back for the second term, however.

Mr. G. E. Hellewell, an old student of the Stenographic Department, visited the College a short time ago. For the past two years, Mr. Hellewell has been connected with the Ogden Standard, and good reports come of his work there.

Have you seen the letter heads of the class in Stenography 2?

Domestic Science.

Word comes from our former instructor, Miss Minnie Peterson, that she is thoroughly enjoying her work in the Domestic Science department of Snow Academy, Ephraim. She is working with a fine class of young ladies, and has had all necessary equipment supplied.

The Domestic Science girls are always ready and willing to do even more than their share. They considered it their duty to provide a training table for the football boys, and for days before the University game the savory odor of broiled beef penetrated every corner of the building.

The girls in fruit and laundry classes will complete their work and take final examinations before the holidays.

The sewing room wardrobes are filled with elegant dresses, tailor-made gowns and coats made by the more advanced girls.

The chafing dish girls completed their work Dec. 11, and on the 15th entertained at a chafing dish dinner. Two dinners were served, the class having been divided into two groups, and each girl had her turn presiding at the chafing dish. Christmas decorations were used.
Locals.

U. of U., 35; U. A. C., 0.

Thursday, Nov. 14, witnessed a Doso initiation. Lute Foster and Bertha Kerr were the victims. All hung their clothes at Prexy’s home after the rushing of candidates.

President Kerr and Dr. Yoder returned from the East a few days ago.

Get a “stand in” with the girl wearing a cream colored apron who works in the advanced Lab.

Pres. is sporting a pair of crutches as a result of the U. game.

Radie Ormsby, one of the Dosos last year, was a visitor at the College last month.

Josie Munk, Carrie McAlister, Judd, P. G. Peterson and Carver talked on College Spirit in chapel a few days before the excursion to Salt Lake.

Joe Bell, one of last year’s track men, began training early by sprinting to the depot Thursday evening, Dec. 6.

Marie Jones returned from Brigham Thursday evening, Dec. 6.

A course in gymnastics began Friday, Dec. 7.

Why does chicken stew in the Bac. Lab. taste better than in the kitchen?

We wish Miss Moench conducted chapel oftener.

Vena McAllister, a former student of the college, and one of Uncle Sam’s Lieutenants were “tied up” last month.

Soon after the appearance of this issue of Student Life a meeting of the Athletic Association will be held, at which an endeavor will be
made to change that part of article 6 of the constitution, which reads: "The official honor given athletes shall be the privilege of wearing the college A. This award in track work shall be made to men who have been in the institution and on the squad through two seasons, and who have participated in the state meet in the second season," to read, "This award in track work shall be made to men who have been in the institution two years and on the squad through two seasons and during one season have won a first place in a dual meet, and a point or fraction of a point at the state meet."

Miss Loa Roberts visited the college Dec. 8.

Professors Jenson, Frederick and Stewart returned Dec. 7, from their three weeks' tour of the State.

Miss Eliason recently developed an unusual thirst for rock and rye. A friend recommended the stuff for a cold, and failed to state the size of the dose, and—Miss Eliason knows the rest.

From Different View Points.
Exchanges.

The exchange department should be a medium through which college papers may help each other, by pointing out the defects, and showing where they might improve. The exchange columns are the only place that the college papers have the opportunity of knowing each other. The exchange department is not entirely a place for funny sayings from other papers, to fill up space, as some of our exchanges seem to think.

There is an amusingly inaccurate article in College Chips on the "Mormon Menace," written apparently by a person who has heard a number of stories told by people who know as little about Mormonism as he himself. The author is very often erring in his statements. If the article is meant for a criticism of the Mormon Church, the author should confine himself to conditions that really exist, and not base his argument on hearsay.

The William and Mary Literary Magazine has been welcomed to our table, and is an exceptionally good college paper. "Margaret Swinton" and "In the Land of the Rising Sun" are very well written. The authors exhibit considerable literary talent. The poetry cannot be too highly praised, the paper having several poems that are indeed worthy of mention. The poems, "Alone" and "Good Night" being two of the best.

Crimson, your printers are not doing you justice. The typographical work is not as good as your literary articles deserve.

We are pleased to list the "Wesleyan" among our exchanges, as it is one that is doing good work. It contains some very good literary material.

The Thanksgiving number of the University Chronicle has an appropriate cover design. The stories are not what would be expected from a university paper. The articles written in newsboy slang style are getting tiresome.

The Acorn is a very neat little paper, the cover and paper making it very attractive.

The Ontario Agricultural College Review is one of our best exchanges. The articles on Agriculture being very instructive. The half tones are exceptionally good.